

# Good Morning 235

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## A.B. Harold Gill Here's a Photo and News from Home

CALLING A.B. Harold Gill.

Hello, Harold; we are writing this to let you know that all's well at 50 Hasson Street, Berwick, Manchester.

Your wife and mother-in-law were home when we called. They took us into the kitchen, when we sat on your favourite couch in front of a roaring fire, drinking piping-hot cocoa and eating buttered toast.

Gip came and sat by; he's as lovely a dog as ever, while Nigger's the same beauty.

Marjorie asked us to tell you that your brother John went to see her a short while ago, and kept her entertained for a couple of hours with his incessant jokes.

She says, knowing John, you will understand how he managed it.

Clara and Roy are to be married in January, and one and all are hoping that you will be able to help them celebrate.

Tony, your nephew, sends you his kisses.

His new playmate is expected early in the New Year.

But time marches on and all good things come to an end. The family came home, and we very reluctantly dug ourselves out of your comfortable settee and with many promises and messages bade them farewell.

Your wife and all at home are well and happy; all send their fondest love.  
Good Hunting!



## Absent-minded—Forgot Wives

HOW absent-minded are you? The answer is, not by a long shot as absent-minded as George Walten when his arms encircled blonde Elsa Searier. As he kissed her—plosh!—he could hardly suppress his astonishment.

Though Elsa, he told himself, was the first woman he had ever loved, yet this first kiss seemed strangely familiar!

Two months later, when George knelt before the altar beside his pretty bride, he was again overpowered by the queer sensation that all this had happened before!

To add to his confusion, he couldn't quite make out how he came to be in this church, exchanging his marriage vows with this girl. "Let me see," the bridegroom thought to himself, "my name is George—er, George Walten, and this pretty creature beside me is . . . is . . . ?"

### A PEALING MEMORY.

For the life of him he couldn't remember. In the vestry, as they signed the register, he peeped over her shoulder to discover just who he was marrying. As the organ pealed and they walked down the aisle side by side, he tried to remember whether he had ar-

ranged to go away for a honeymoon.

It didn't take George's wife five minutes to discover just how absent-minded her husband was. He forgot to kiss his mother-in-law and he forgot to wave good-bye. He had already forgotten the ring, and the ceremony might have been held up indefinitely but for the best man, who saved the situation with his wife's wedding ring.

"By the way," questioned the groom, "who was my best man? I can never remember his name!"

"Why, darling, it was my brother. You have no family, and so Jim came along!"

Elsa gradually began to realize how astonishingly absent-minded George could be. In the honeymoon hotel he was forever setting the place in a state of confusion by forgetting the number of his room and forcing his way into countless others.

But the greatest shock of all came when they at length returned to their new home and found a policeman waiting on the doorstep.

### BLACK MARIA.

"George Walten!" said the policeman sternly, "I arrest you on the charge of bigam-

ously marrying this woman, Elsa Searier!"

"Bigamy?" shrieked Elsa. "His first wife, Maria Fearsen, is still alive."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the crestfallen George, "I had completely forgotten!"

Strange as it seems, that was his defence at the trial in Detroit. "I am so awfully absent-minded," he said in the dock, "I may marry a third girl if I am released!"

Then doctors gave evidence that George actually couldn't remember a thing. "It isn't madness," commented one specialist, "it's just a kink!"

Tearfully, the first Mrs. Walten told her story. So absent-minded had her spouse been that when he went to business he usually could not remember where he was going, and often had to return home. And then he couldn't remember the house and had to be directed by the neighbours. "It's just absent-mindedness," she added.

A point in George's favour was that he had not attempted to conceal his name in marrying a second time. He had married in absent-mindedness and good faith. So he was acquitted.

The first Mrs. Walten is now trying to give her husband memory lessons.

## Death came to MANAOS- Rubber- Boom City

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Manaos, one thousand miles up the Amazon river, can be reached in a few days by steamer, or in a few hours by plane. At the end of last century, when Brazil had the monopoly of rubber, Manaos, for a few years, was a city of incredible wealth.

Manaos sold rubber to every nation, and sold it at high prices. Money came to the town in a volume as great and powerful as the river Amazon itself. Its rulers built tramway lines and tramways before Manchester had them.

Its Opera House was unrivalled in the world. Private houses were built that looked like castles and palaces fit for monarchs. There was no limit to the cost of decorations, no extent to which its wealthy men went to show they HAD money to spare.

The finest horses and the most magnificent carriages in the world were imported. Dusky ladies wore clothes that where he had been a planter, queens would have been proud of.

Boxes in the Manaos theatre cost hundreds of pounds for a night. The salaries paid to opera singers and gifted actresses were sky-high. The jewellery seen in the audience was the most dazzling the world could offer.

In ordinary things prices were exorbitant. A newspaper would cost anything from a shilling upward. A box of matches cost any-

## IDEAS MEAN CASH!

IT is claimed that the Ideas Merchant is coming into the business field more and more. Sport, trade, public utilities, even religion, are alike happy hunting grounds for the man with brainy ideas, as distinct from the author of intricate or scientific inventions. The great thing is to be ready for new ideas when they come.

A brilliant idea lately brought to war industry is the rivet whose head explodes by electric contact and spreads out without hammering. Riveting is five times faster by this method—a big factor when it comes to fixing the 10,000 or so rivets of an aircraft.

An American hairdresser has had a clock dial made with the numbers running reversely.

Now his customers, looking in the mirrors, can tell the time without unnecessary calculations, while they lounge in the luxurious barber chairs—which in their declining years are shipped to the Congo to be used as tribal thrones.

Sport and amusement are fine fields for the ideas man. A golf ball fitted with a fuse, to be lighted just before being driven, prevents itself from getting lost by emitting a smoke signal as it enters long grass, scrub or a ditch.

It took a notions merchant to think of the new push-back seat for theatres.

You play cards? Well, did you know there was a card-player who, fed-up with the way some of his companions shuffled the cards, invented an automatic shuffler to save time?

There is scope in the municipal services. Latest idea is an



Manaos: The Opera House

thing up to a pound sterling. A man's suit could not be had at fashionable tailors' under £50 to £150. Everything was on the gigantic scale.

Its citizens thought things would go on like this for ever. In reality, its days were numbered. The man who killed Manaos was Henry Wickham.

He was then, towards the close of last century, Commissioner of Para Rubber for the Indian Government, and was asked by the India Office to collect rubber seeds in Brazil, where he had been a planter, and ship them to Britain.

There had been many explorers in the jungle around Manaos looking for Para rubber seeds, but the Brazilian government wanted to hide the existence of the trees. The difficulties that Wickham had to face were enormous. One of these was that the seed of the tree loses its vitality within seven weeks of dropping from the tree.

He was far from the coast and he knew that he would have to travel quickly if any of the 70,000 seeds he had collected were to live when they reached England. He stuffed the seeds everywhere, into bales of wool. But before that he had tried shipping bales to England to test the scrutiny of the Brazilian officials. The wool bales arrived.

So now Wickham made his great attempt. He reached Tapajos, but the job was to get a ship. There was, luckily, one ship lying in ballast, having discharged her cargo; but the skipper shied at the idea of shipping bales of wool.

For it was not wool, but three boxes crammed with seeds, that Wickham wanted him to take. The skipper needed to be persuaded. At last he agreed, provided Wickham gave him a chit to the effect that the British Government would stand for the cost of the voyage.

So, persuading the Brazil officials that the boxes contained "botanical specimens," Wickham got his precious seeds aboard, and the ship sailed—in ballast.

When the ship reached an artificial "lovers' lane" in an American town, where the risk of interruption is nil. Its upholstered benches are fitted with electric lamps as signals. Automatically they glow red when the seats are occupied, green when free. The local authority thinks the idea pretty good.

Through portable radio sets strapped to their heads, Australian police and war dogs are given orders by their distant masters. And more than one cable company is now speeding up inter-departmental communications by messengers on roller-skates.

Nothing is too trivial. Lord Kelvin, one of the greatest scientists of his day, didn't scorn to invent the simple water tap.

Many profitable discoveries have been the result, not of deliberate research, but of some chance observation or experience within the reach of most of us. Because he fell asleep and let his furnace overheat, a chemist discovered a cheaper way of making red copper oxide.

A French gardening enthu-

Immediately the boat reached England, the seeds were rushed to Kew Gardens, where beds had been prepared for them. It was a very near thing. Only four per cent. of the seeds germinated, and rubber plants began to grow.

Rubber grows rapidly, and in time, specimens of the trees were sent out with great care, to Calcutta, Rangoon and Singapore. But only seven plants arrived at Singapore alive. They were placed in the Botanical Gardens and the utmost care lavished on them. The seven grew lustily.

So little was known of the value of rubber trees then, that in Penang the first rubber trees were used by the municipality to decorate the streets! In Singapore there are two of the original trees still living. They are the parents of the great industry that grew up.

And Manaos? The monopoly of rubber was broken. Rubber was being grown in Malay and Ceylon, and Manaos knew that the tide had turned. Within a year of the trees coming to fruition in British possessions, the export of rubber fell with a crash at Manaos.

The rubber kings lost their money. The city which had not known poverty became down and out. The palatial homes became derelict. Weeds now grow around and within them. The cafes and places of entertainment shut up shop. The ruins remain at Manaos, and the jungle that was held back by unstinted gold and costly labour, is encroaching and burying the "suburbs" under masses of foliage and green growth.

The Opera House remains—almost derelict. Beggars walk where the richest of men strolled around. Manaos is nothing but the ghost of what it was—and a stricken ghost at that.

The jungle has won again—one thousand miles up the Amazon river, where decay spreads rapidly and silence reigns, the silence of desolation, where boom times may never come again.

last—Monier—wishing to save himself the expense of replacing the earthenware flower-pots he was continually smashing to atoms in recurring fits of temper, made his own with a mixture of wire-netting and cement. To his astonishment, he found these were practically unbreakable.

He had stumbled on ferro-concrete, the material which has made possible the erection of the massive modern structures.

Churches, too, are often open to ideas. Following a valued proposal, an Ohio church committee now slips a dollar bill into one prayer book each Sunday to stimulate attendance.

A little while ago several popular preachers started a "relay" service for surplus worshippers. Large car crowds listened to the service through loud-speakers, the responses being made by toots on the horns.

Speaking of motor horns, an idea for a substitute which has lately been put up to a motor firm is a gadget that announces the driver's intentions by actually simulating his voice.



# "HE KNEW WHY JANET DIED"

## QUIZ for today



### The Lady in Number Four By Richard Keverne—Part XVIII

SALTER said, "Why Baldock, Miss Darcy?"

"Well, what do you know about him?"

"Nothing. Except the evidence he gave at Miss Warren's inquest and that he lives in the house by the old ruins. What do you know about him?"

"But didn't you go over to his place to take photographs yesterday?" Merrow put in.

"Yes, but I didn't see the man. I saw a gardener, who said that I was at liberty to go where I liked. A very civil fellow. But what's in Miss Darcy's mind?"

Gwen answered in a small, rather diffident voice.

"You'll laugh at me, I daresay. But I don't care if you do. I believe Mr. Baldock is the man you were talking about yesterday—the man who was really black-mailing Janet. Logan, you said he was."

"I'd been leading him on. He said Janet drew his attention to the colour of some early gladioli. Janet didn't know a gladiolus from a chrysanthemum. I made him tell me more of what she'd said about flowers. I said she was particularly fond of marigolds and always called them marybuds. He said he remembered her doing so. Now, Mr. Salter," Gwen leaned forward to emphasise her words, "I knew Janet as well as anybody—better. She disliked flowers and knew nothing about them, I tell you. I think they must have been connected in her mind with that cottage at

Chaldean. Doctor Argent thinks so, too.

"But Janet couldn't have told a marigold from a buttercup, and she'd be just as likely to have known the old names for them as to have known the—the names in Chinese. It was absolutely against all her character. The whole of that story that man told was false. I don't believe she ever sat in his garden at all. I—I—"

"She broke off suddenly. 'Oh, I know it all seems so utterly weak now I'm telling it, but I'm right, I'm sure I'm right.'"

"Mustn't jump too quickly to conclusions," Salter said. "What's he like, this man Baldock? Can you describe him?"

Merrow started to answer, but Gwen got in first.

"He's a sandy-haired, rat-faced man, really," she said. "He's dark grey. Weak sort of eyes that don't look at you straight. Wears thick glasses."

"Got a beard?"

"No."

"Voice?"

"Dreary and unctuous."

"Not always, Gwen," Merrow broke in. "Pedantic rather; soft and persuasive."

"He'd be persuasive all right," Salter said cynically. "It sounds as if it might be Logan. He had a beard when I last saw him, and there was nothing the matter with his eyes. Hair doesn't quite tally, either, but that could be faked. Rat-faced is good. Logan was rat-faced."

"But surely it's easy enough for you to check this if you went up to his house. You'd know him, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I'd know him, but he might know me. Mustn't risk that till I know a little more," Salter was thoughtful.

"Well, you'd better not waste time; he's going away to-morrow, he said. To Wales, to see a sick friend. Sounded a bit fishy to me when he said so."

"Is he?" Salter said.

"Thanks, Miss Darcy; you don't seem to have missed much. I'll have him looked after. First I'd like to check some times again. You saw him talking to the man in the car just after seven, Mr. Merrow?"

"Say seven to ten past, I—oh, damn!" There was a knock at the door, and Eve came in.

"Excuse me, sir, but there's Mr. Hawes come, and he'd like to see you for a minute, please. I did say you was engaged, sir, but he said it was rather important," she said.

"Hawes— you mean the policeman?" Merrow asked.

"Yes, sir."

Merrow glanced at Salter. The detective was looking at him in a curious way.

"I'd better go and see what he wants, I suppose," Merrow said.

Salter rose.

"You'll want to see him up here, I expect," he said. "We'd better leave you."

Police Constable Hawes came in, carrying his cap and looking mildly surprised at being brought upstairs.

"Hope I'm not disturbing you, sir, but I've got to ask your help. Jimmy Bailey's landed us in a pack of trouble after all," he said.

"Why, what's the trouble?" Merrow asked.

"Well, sir, from what the house surgeon says, if he dies it'll be the result of the crack he got on his head the other night, and you can see what that means."

"Can't see 'im? 'Ere, Fred, try wearing yer glasses!"

Merrow's frown deepened.

"Tell me the details, will you, Hawes?" he said quietly.

Hawes produced a notebook and scanned it to refresh his memory.

"Jimmy was found unconscious in a barn over at Hilton Green, near Berriford, ten miles from here, at seven-fifty last night. One of the farm hands found him, and thought he was dead. They got a doctor to him and sent him straight off to Wilborough Hospital. They couldn't find out who he was for a long time, but he came round this morning and mumbled something about Wilford, and Wilborough police got through to me to know if I could help. From this description I guessed it was Jimmy, and I got my motor-bike and went over and identified him."

"And he's very bad, you say?"

"They reckon he'd been lying there since the night before. The Berriford police have picked up a bit about him. He was hanging about the market on Wednesday, but behaving funny. Some thought he was drunk. But the super-

at Wilborough says the doctor reckons it was all the result of that crack he got and he must have been as tough as the devil to have carried on so long. Now the point, sir, is, I've got to find the chap that hit him. Would you give me everything you can remember?"

Merrow racked his memory to recall every detail of that night, but he could add little to what he had already told the constable.

Merrow was silent for some time. While Hawes was talking there had come to his mind a curious thought. The more he considered it, the more possible, even probable, it seemed, and, like a fool, he had never even recognised it before. The something curious about Bailey's behaviour, the something that was behind it all. Suddenly he rose.

"Excuse me a minute, Hawes," he said, "I won't be long."

Merrow went along the corridor to Salter's room. Salter was there, going through the notes he had taken of Gwen's story.

"Has your policeman gone?" he asked as Merrow came in.

Merrow said, "No. But there's a big development. I wanted to tell you before I told Hawes." Quickly he related what the constable had said, then: "He spoke of motive, and it came to me. You remember what I said about Bailey in the Tap Room when they were baiting him?"

"Yes."

"About who set the snares that night Miss Warren was killed, and Bailey shouting out about how he knew something more that happened then and that some people would be very sorry if he were to tell."

"Yes."

"Well, I've just remembered. Cummings, Baldock's man, was with me at the time. He heard Bailey's threat. Now then, supposing Bailey did see something. Supposing he was the unknown man in the woods that night. And supposing Cummings reported to Baldock. Isn't there motive there to try to shut Bailey's mouth for good—if Baldock is Logan?"

"There is," Salter said.

"Then what am I to do about it? I must give Hawes the whole story, and then what's going to happen?"

"Go back and keep him talking," said Salter. "Tell him what Bailey said by all means. Everyone in the Tap heard it. But not a word about Baldock. I must do some telephoning. I'll come up to your room as soon as I've finished."

Merrow returned to Hawes, with vague apologies.

"Did Bailey say anything

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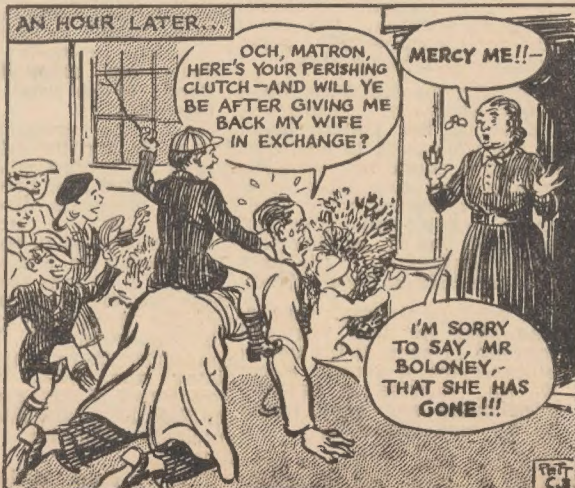
## WANGLING WORDS—190

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after PLANAD, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of NO LARK MICK, to make a Scottish town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: START into STOPS, MANY into MUCH, SHARP into STEEL, BOOK into MARK.
- How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from STUPEFACTION?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 189

- ILL-WILL.
- ALTRINCHAM.
- ANTI, ANTS, ARTS, ARMS, AIMS, RIMS, RIME, RISE, RISK, RINK, RANK, TANK.
- BEST, LEST, LOST, LOSE, DOSE, DOGE, DOGS, BOGS, BAGS.
- EARLY, EARLS, EARNS, BARN, BARES, BARDS, BIRDS.
- BOLT, BOOT, FOOT, FORT, PORT, PART, CART, CARS, BARS.
- Coin, Coat, Vain, Cove, Vote, Cave, Time, Nave, Quit, Vine, Vane, Cane, Nice, Unit, Tune, Vice, Cone, etc.
- Antic, Quiet, Quite, Quoit, Voice, etc.

## JANE



## ODD CORNER

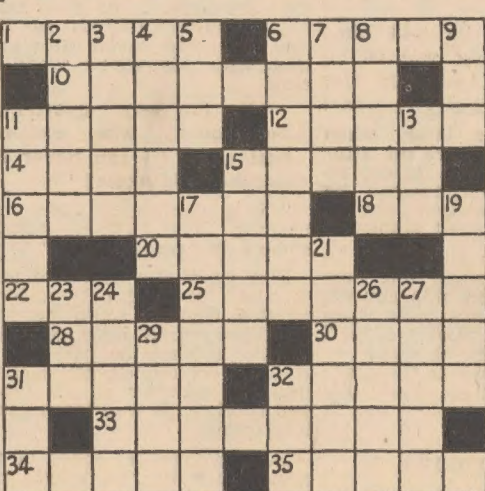
WHICH is better (asked Lewis Carroll), a clock that is right only once a year, or a clock that is right twice every day? Most people would say a clock that is right twice every day, but see what follows:—

"I have two clocks; one doesn't go at all, and the other loses a minute a day. Which would you prefer? 'The losing one,' you answer, 'without a doubt.' Now observe: The one which loses a minute a day has to lose twelve hours, or 720 minutes, before it is right again, consequently it is only right once in two

years, whereas the other is evidently right as often as the time it points to comes round, which happens twice a day." It looks as if the clock which doesn't go at all is the better time-keeper!

Zeno, the Greek philosopher, thought that all motion is an illusion, for (said he) consider an arrow in flight. At any given instant it is quite definitely in a particular place. But the time of its flight is made up entirely of instants, one after the other, with no time in between them. When, then, does the arrow make its move from each particular place to each next particular place?

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- Be sold for.
- Domatn.
- Powerful.
- Il-defined.
- Heaped.
- Poems.
- Of sea movements.
- Convinced.
- Snow-shoe.
- Twist.
- Red resin.
- Mark of sibilance.
- Yawned.
- Stern of ship.
- Bird.
- Turning point.
- Inter-weaves.
- Separates.
- Heron.

Solution to Problem in 234.

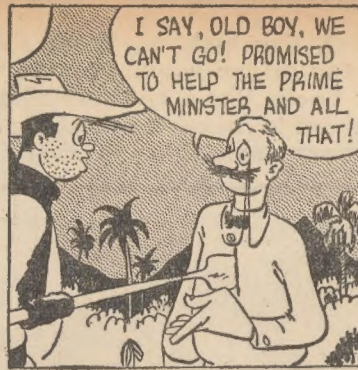
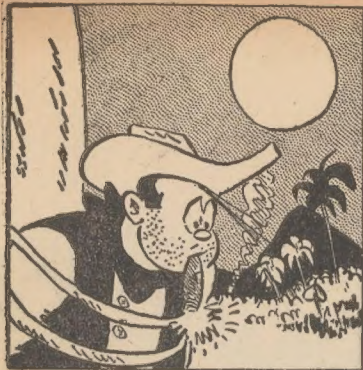
R LOWS RUSH  
I PECACUANHA  
CLAUDE PIER  
HAL NEST D  
C APEX EEL  
METRE ASSAY  
ADA RUMP S  
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ALTO BAILEE  
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### CLUES DOWN.

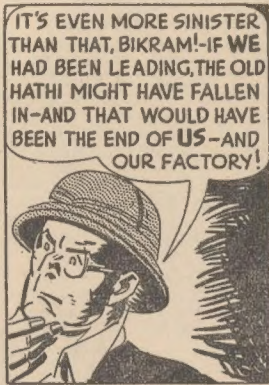
- Dodge.
- Large beast.
- Hard surfaces.
- Colour.
- Fretted.
- Girl's name.
- School book.
- Sudge.
- Sonant.
- Kind of deer.
- Weary.
- Emphasizes.
- Unit.
- Drying.
- Past.
- Pine trunk for tossing.
- Swain.
- Untie.
- Liquid measure.
- Long tear.
- Unsorted type.



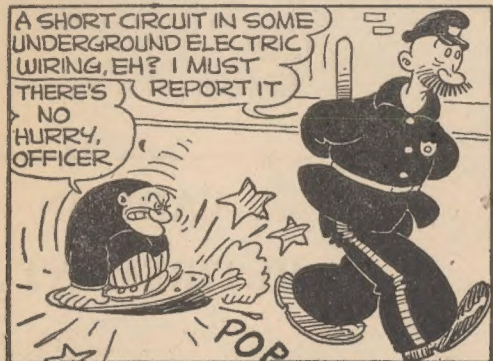
## BEELZEBUB JONES



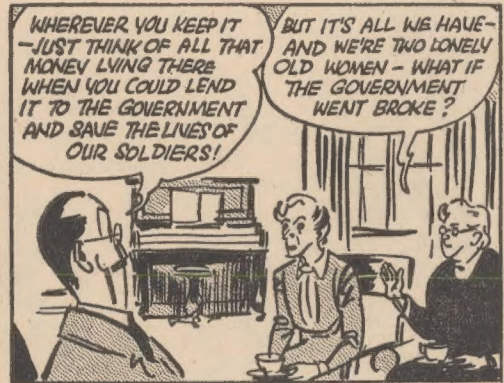
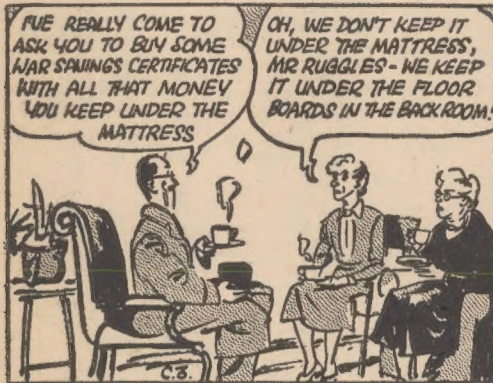
## BELINDA



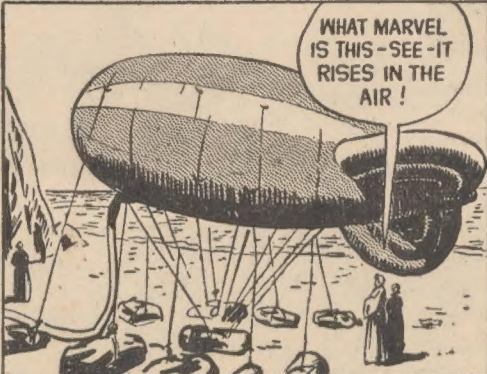
## POPEYE



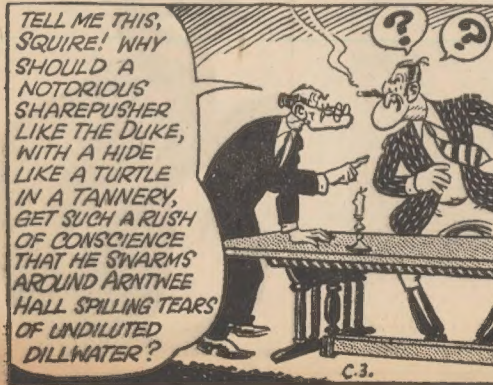
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## NO MORE WARS (1).

THE nations are engaged in a second war because, despite the lesson of the first, they deliberately rejected the moral principle which is, after all, the foundation of all humane civilisation. This most elementary of all rights, the right to life, whether as a nation or as a person, the right to existence, the right not to be destroyed, not to be made the victim of lawless violence, that right must be defended collectively, by a society of persons or of nations, as the case may be, or it cannot be defended at all.

Sir Norman Angell (Nobel Peace Prize for 1933).

## NO MORE WARS (2).

THE only lasting way to banish war is for the men and women of all countries to carry about the conviction that any war, however right they were to enter it—and I have no shadow of doubt we were right to go to war—whichever side they took, whether they were winners or losers, any war is, for the whole of God's world, a failure and a disgrace.

John Christie (Headmaster of Westminster).

## NO MORE WARS (3).

THE war of 1914 did not end war because, in the nature of things, it could not eradicate old memories of wrong; because, being war, it created fresh bitter memories and roused fresh suspicions; because it stimulated rather than put to sleep the fighting animal in man; and because it was followed by no determined effort to keep in order those potentially very strong national societies that prized the fighting animal most and did most to nourish him.

Sir John Clapham (Vice-Provost, King's College, Cambridge).

## OUR M.P.s.

EVERY other Member of Parliament is either a barrister, a company director, or a trade union official. Of the weekly wage-earners, their wives and dependants, all are under-represented on a population basis, except the miners, who get roughly twice the representation to which they are entitled. Ninety per cent. of the Conservative Members are public school boys, and no less than one in every four is actually an Etonian. On the other hand, ninety per cent. of the Labour Members left school at the age of fourteen or under. Which is worse? It is hard to say.

Quintin Hogg, M.P.

## LEISURE HOURS.

IT is in his leisure hours that a man's true character is revealed. It was never so true as in this mechanical age, that it is only "on vacation" that a man (or woman) can be their "real selves." Are the "pictures," the Soccer matches or the "dogs" true mirrors of the real self of the Soul of England? If so, what would Pericles or Socrates think of our chances of survival in the post-war world?

H. Martyn Sanders.

## U.S.A. AND U.K.

IS it not somewhat unreasonable to expect that individuals who have agreed to work together must necessarily be expected to play together? Small boys forced together by their parents because "it will be so nice for Tommy to play with Johnnie" probably succeed, very shortly, in blacking each other's eyes. The same two small boys, left to themselves on the sands at the seaside, will doubtless be found, equally quickly, co-operating in the building of the same sand castle. (Verb. Sap.)

Basil Cleaver.

## THE AVERAGE SOLDIER?

THE average soldier is a mixture, like most of us, reactionary in some things, progressive in others. He is the deepest blue in regard to that Britain that he knew, appreciated, and hopes to come back to, and rather red in regard to things in our make-up that he thinks unfair, such as great wealth, great poverty, overwhelming hereditary advantages and inequality of opportunity. . . . If there is anything that the average soldiers have no time for it is for a Britain built on foreign lines.

Lieut.-Col. Rayner, M.P.

## FIRST THINGS FIRST.

ALL the plans for education, social security, and new towns and cities, will ultimately be of little avail unless there is a strong and sturdy people to make use of them. Our policy should be "First things first," and the first thing should be the foundation, which foundation was the physical quality of the younger generation.

Admiral Sir William James, M.P.

## RUSSIA—THE FUTURE.

THE Soviet Union has attained a consciousness of strength which will permit it to dispense with restrictions natural in days of difficulty and insecurity, and to recognise that personal and group freedom, governed by common loyalty to principles now generally accepted, will contribute to the happiness, the unity and the strength of its people.

Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke.



# Good Morning

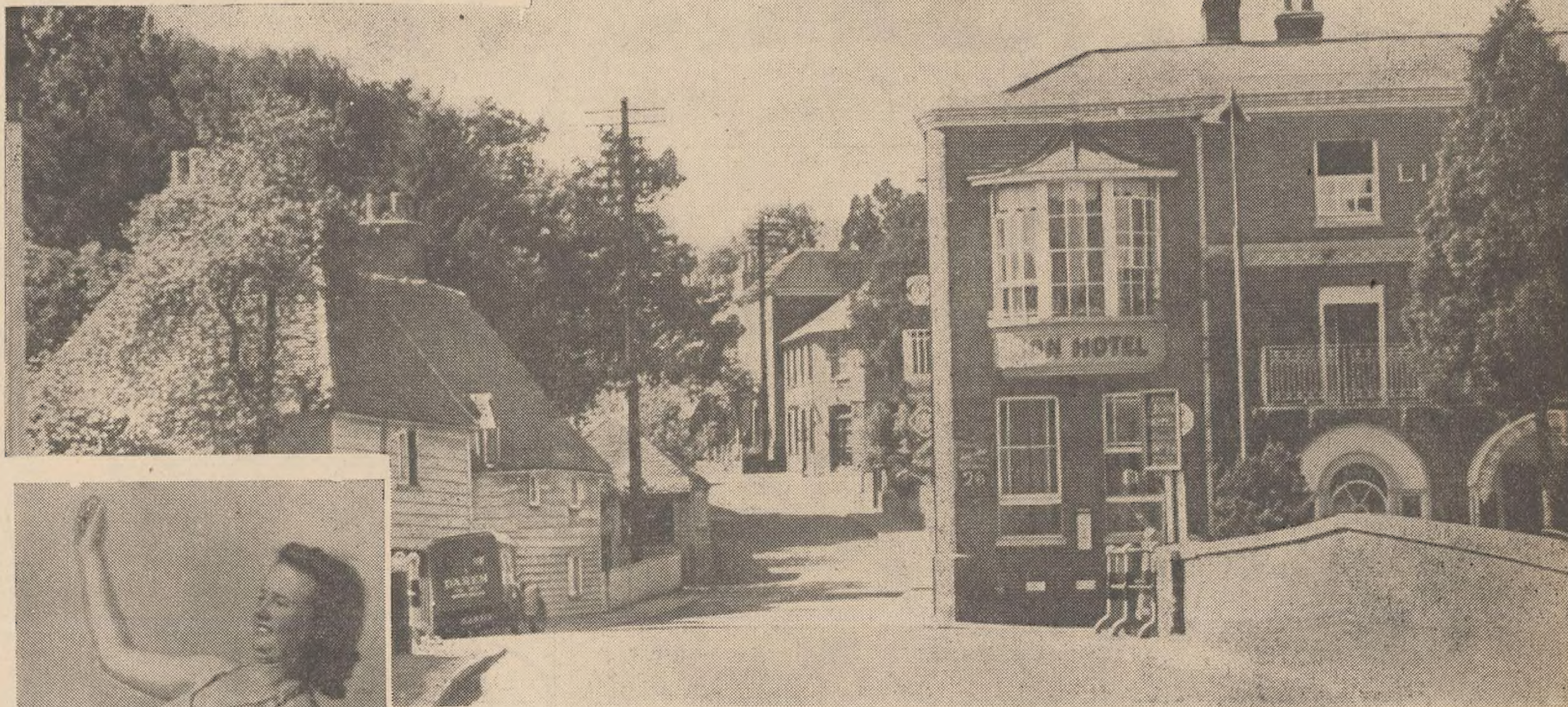
All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## This England

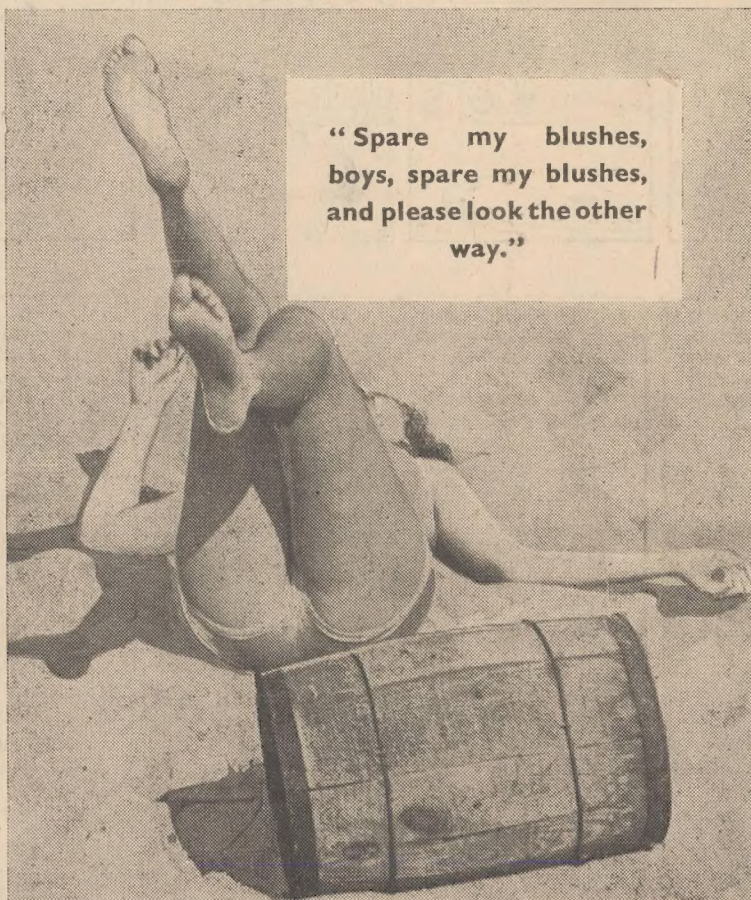
The Lion Hotel, Farningham, West Kent, as seen from the bridge which crosses the river Darent. Looks like a hot sort of day, with windows wide open to make that cool lounge more inviting than ever.



"Barrel walking is child's play! I could globe-trot on this thing."



"Hum! Not quite so easy. Looks as though I'm doing the 'Beer-barrel polka.'"



"Spare my blushes, boys, spare my blushes, and please look the other way."

## A LADY IN RETIREMENT



## SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT

He can do it with his eyes shut.



"'Lummy, Charlie! You've caught one! 'Cor, ain't it a little un?' " "More'n you've got, anyway, Bill. At any rate, we'll 'ave crab at 'ome for tea to-day."

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Salad days again?"

